

MARVEL

503

AUTHORITATIVE ACTION PART 1
**FANTASTIC
FOUR®**



WAID
PORTER
RAPMUND

HARRIS 🦾 FEISTER

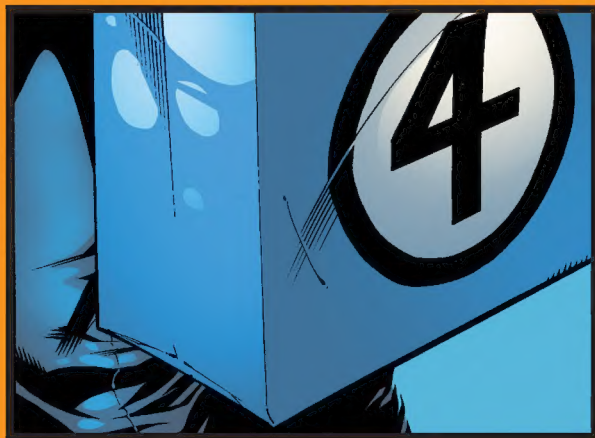
THE FANTASTIC FOUR

1 A team—and a family—of adventurers, explorers and imaginauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary—and extraordinary. As of today:

2 In a battle for the souls of his children, Franklin and Valeria, team leader Reed Richards at last defeated his arch-nemesis, Victor Von Doom...

3 ...but not without sustaining deep and sustaining scars as a result...both outside...

4 ...and inside.



STAN LEE PRESENTS

"AUTHORITATIVE ACTION" Part 1 of 6



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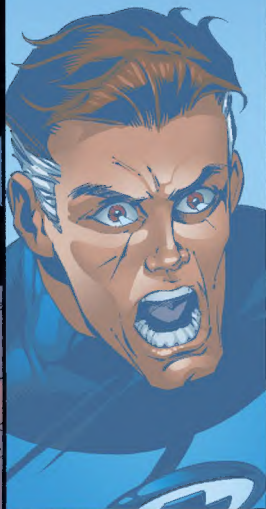
STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY
the ultimate authority

Today, Dr. Reed Richards is Mr. Fantastic, his elastic limbs outdistanced only by his limitless intelligence!

His wife, Susan Storm Richards, is the Invisible Woman, able to project transparent force-fields while cloaking herself and others from sight!

Her brother, Johnny Storm, is the Human Torch, whose flames can vaporize titanium and burn hotter than a star!

Reed's best friend, pilot Ben Grimm, is the ever-lovin', blue-eyed Thing, strong enough to lift a battleship!



As adventurers and explorers--as Imaginauts--the Fantastic Four protect the Earth from enemies beyond!

I wanna force-shield!



Wish the Avengers had a gift shop.

NEW!
VISIBLE FIELDS



Here in Manhattan, in the topmost floors of this very building, the FF live and work, always planning their next expedition--

--always eager for their next challenge--

THE FANTASTIC STORE
BAXTER BUILDING

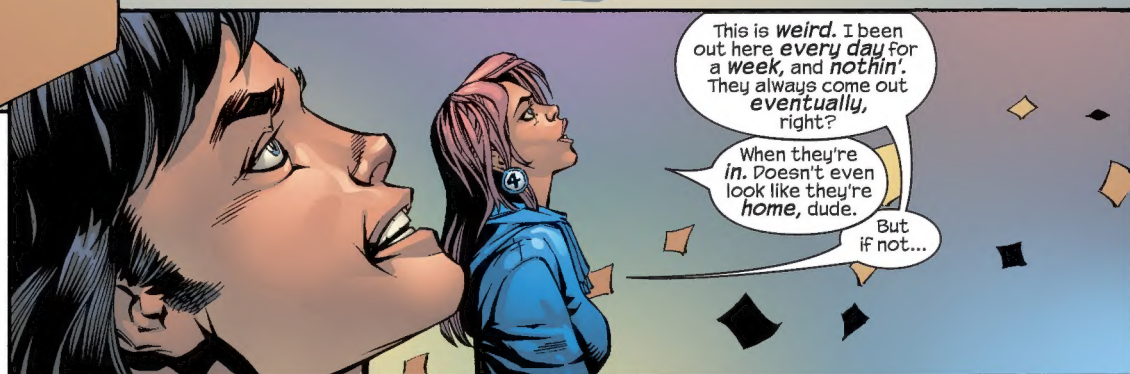
--Thing's told me "get lost" nineteen times. That's a record. That is a stone record.

--invited me upstairs once--

Liar.

--kept Dr. Doom from destroying my neighborhood last week, man! The whole city owes these guys!







...where
are
they?

EASTERN EUROPE.

Nadja Morturo has decided to be angry rather than terrified. It's a remarkable choice given how much faster it puts her in the grave.



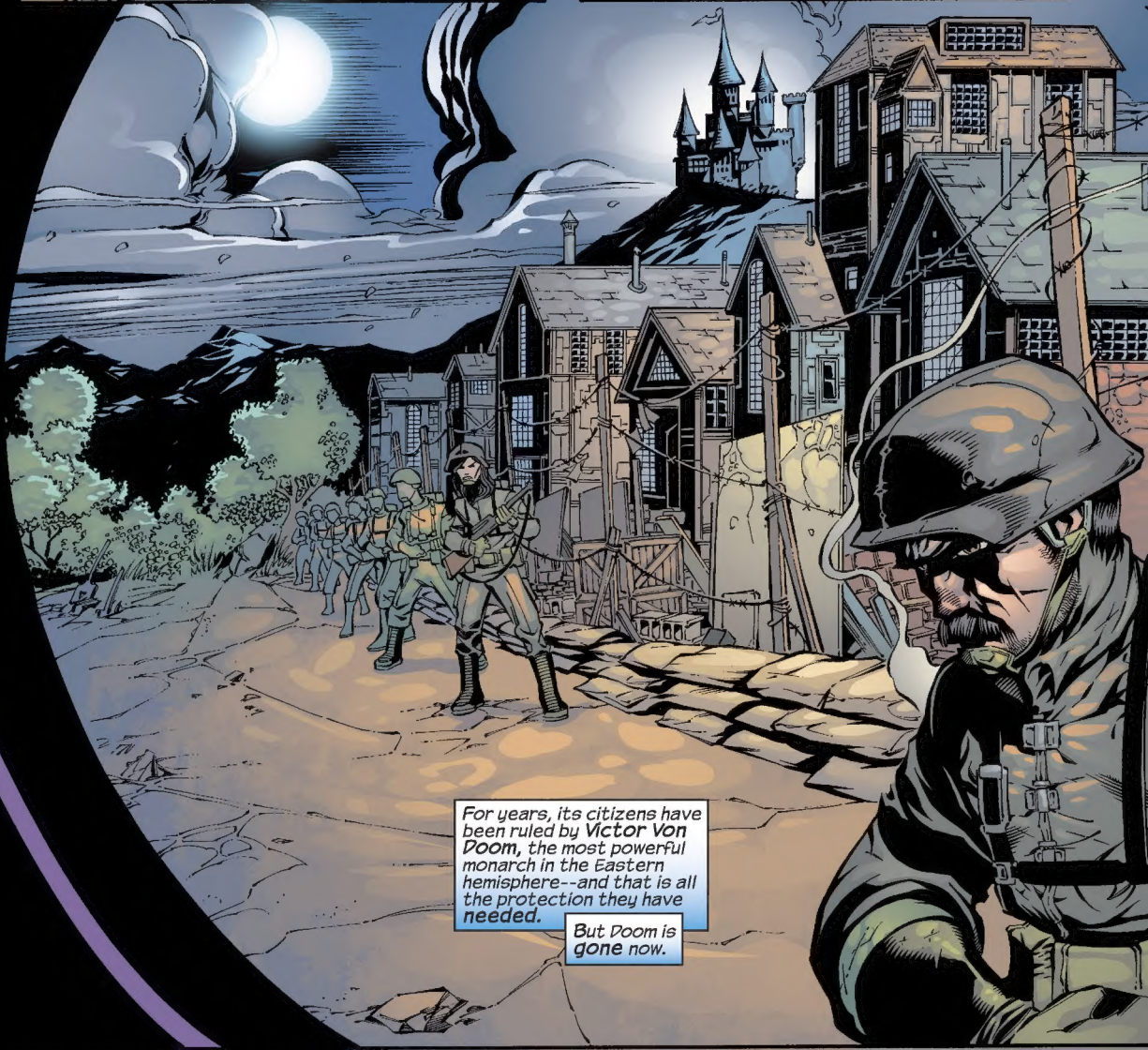
As of tonight, she is a volunteer soldier in the army of Latveria, a tiny country on the southern border of Hungary.

Latveria's standing army has always been small, casually trained--and, frankly, superfluous.



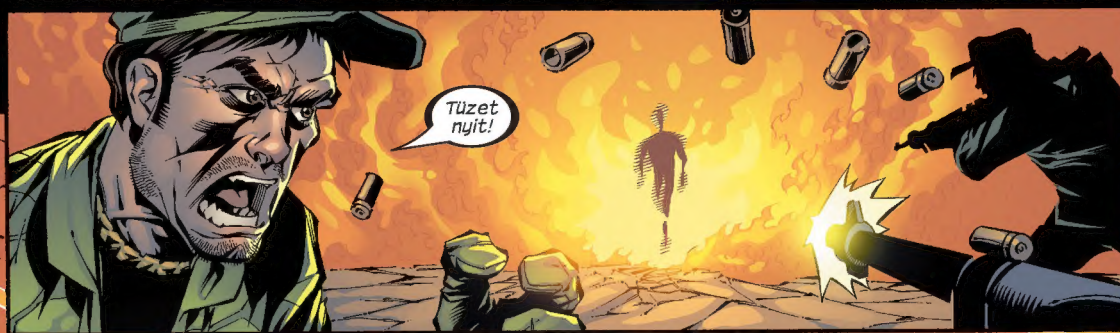
For years, its citizens have been ruled by Victor Von Doom, the most powerful monarch in the Eastern hemisphere--and that is all the protection they have needed.

But Doom is gone now.



And the
Hungarians
know it.







Now.

Meghátrál!
Hátrál!




Now.

Hátrá!


Hátrá!
Hátrá!
Hátrá!
Hátrá!

No. You'll
retreat when
I give the
order.



Tell your government that the next time it even *considers* invading Latveria, I'll hit it with a computer virus that will make 1920 look like the world of tomorrow.

GO!



Since when are we speaking for the *United Nations*?

I'm sure the U.N. will sort out what to do here sooner than later, but I'm not going to watch blood be spilled while they *debate*.

Nor am I eager to let *any* attacking army seize Victor's unguarded *technology*--



AAAAHH!

SUE!





Victor had his defenses set to recognize our bio-signatures, forcing me to do some tinkering.

These armbands are built around samples from his own DNA. We'll "read" as him.



The bands will screen us until I can dismantle the security system from within.

Follow me.



How'd he get ahold of Doom's DNA?

We went back into the past in the time machine and Reed lasered a hair sample off teenage Doom.

Oh. Well. Naturally.



Gravat
mohr--?

Fantastico?

See?
We never
call ahead. The
"drop-in" is bad
form in *any*
culture.



Reed, you
want to say a
little something
to the staff to
ease their mi--
Not
particularly.

If it
bothers
you, tell them
there's a new
sheriff in
town.



I....
um...

...donde...
esta...la
biblioteca?



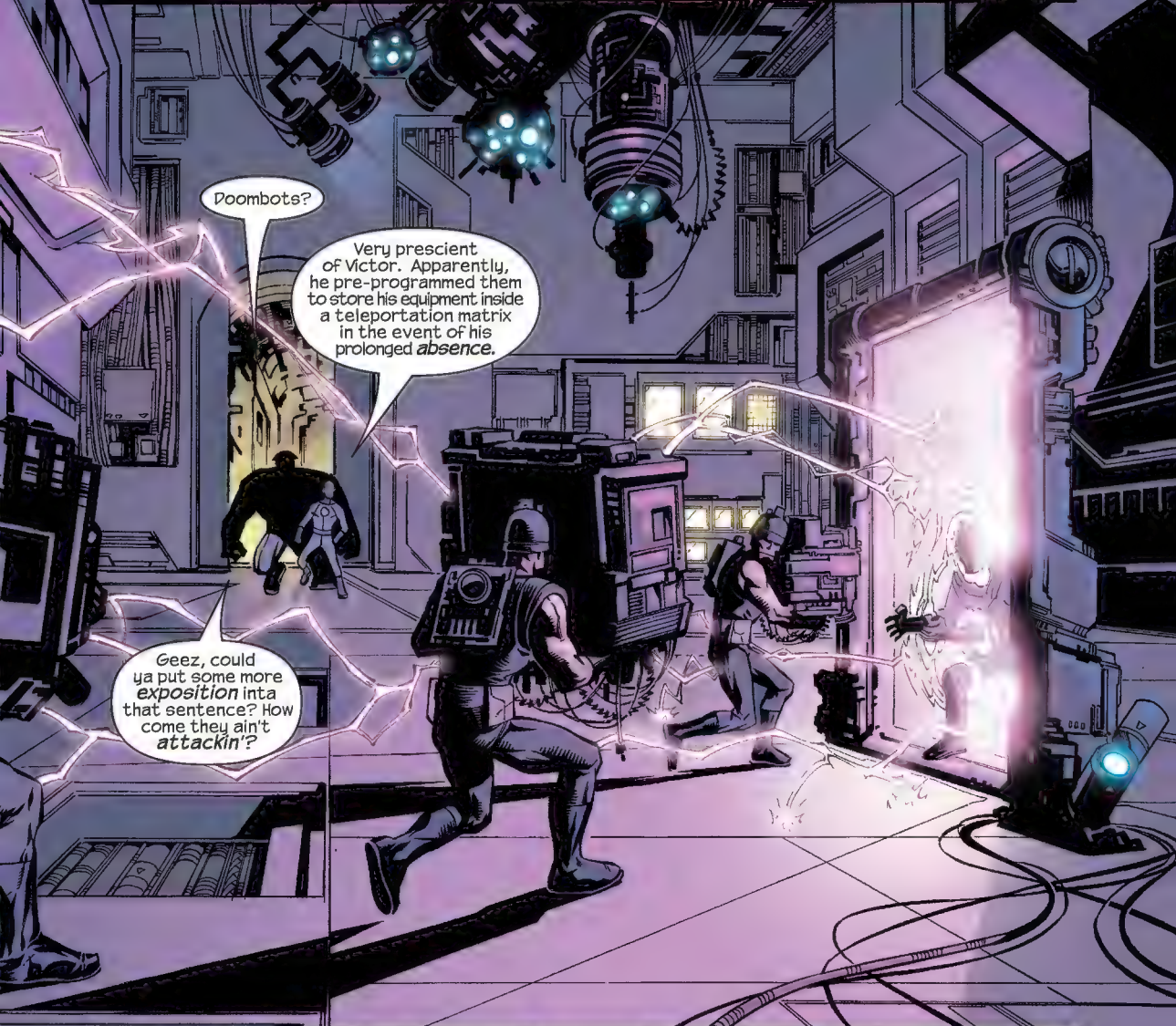
What? Do
you speak
Latverian?

There. It
took some doing,
but I've unlocked
what I believe to
be the master
lab.





Other than Victor himself, we're probably the only human beings ever to set foot in--



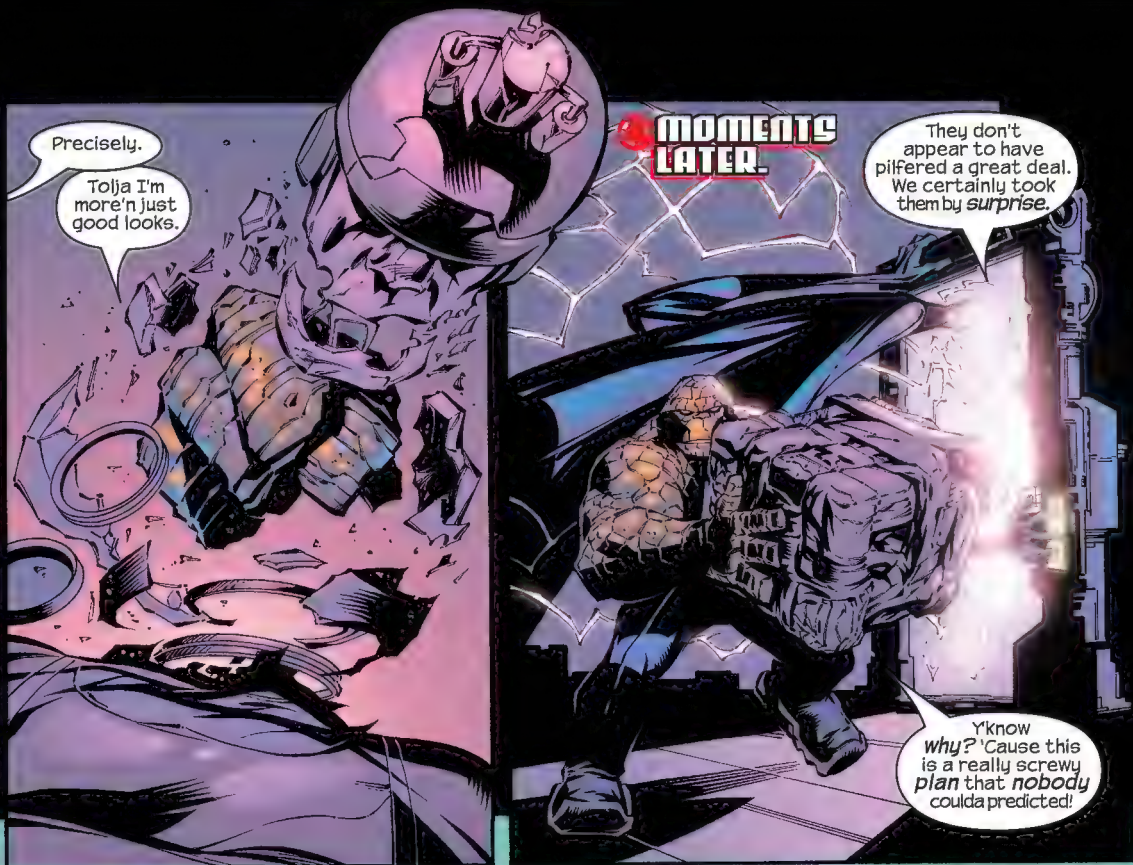
Doombots?

Very prescient of Victor. Apparently, he pre-programmed them to store his equipment inside a teleportation matrix in the event of his prolonged *absence*.

Geez, could ya put some more *exposition* into that sentence? How come they ain't *attackin'*?



Oh, wait. Armbands, right? They're readin' us as Doom, *too*.

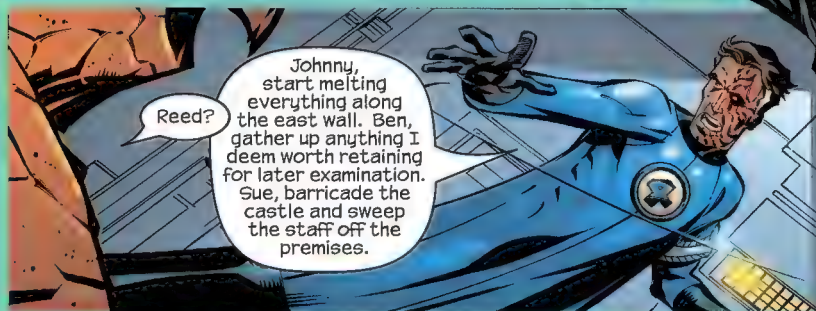




Okay, *point*. But it don't make me feel no better about strongarm'n' 'em *around* like we *own* the joint, y'know? Huh?

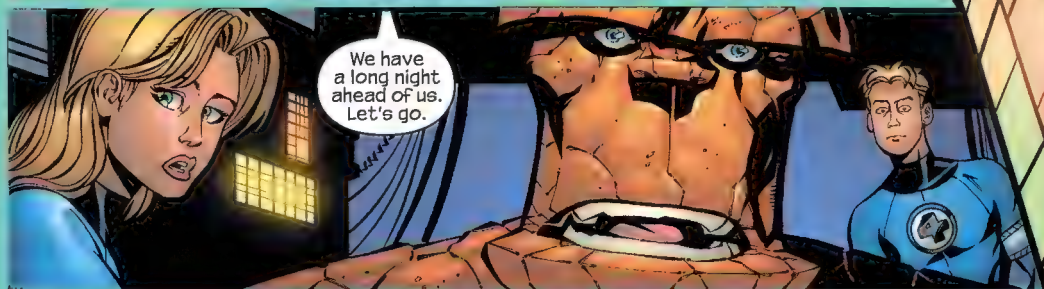
It's only *logical* the Thinker will try to loot Doom's tech first.

We can probably expect similar visits from Hydra, A.I.M., and Zodiac before *dawn*...

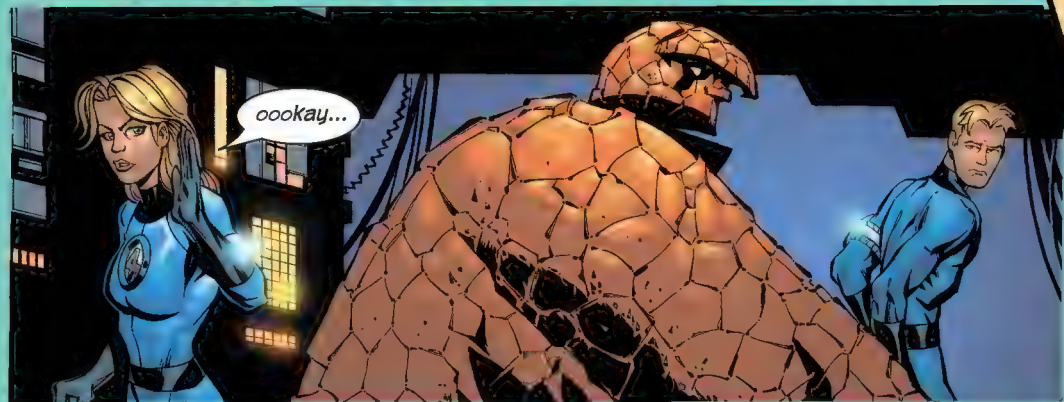


Reed?

Johnny, start melting everything along the east wall. Ben, gather up anything I deem worth retaining for later examination. Sue, barricade the castle and sweep the staff off the premises.



We have a long night ahead of us. Let's go.



oookay...



Ah-
choo!

You'd think a man
who has his own
country could hire
someone to dust
his machines of
death...

God, I'm
exhausted.
Tell me those
steins aren't
empty.



Help y'rself.
Stretcho run
outta steam
yet?

Geez, sparky, I
know you and Reed wuz
talkin' fore he dragged
us here. What in th'
world didja put in his
giant head?



An idea!
That's all! The
things Doom put him
through...scarring him...
the guy was, like,
paralyzed with
depression.

I just
reminded him
that freezing up
wasn't an answer.
You gotta move, you
gotta go. Something's
eating at you, you
take action.



Like invading
a hostile country.
Thanks, Dr. Phil.

Oh, let
him be, Ben.
It's the only time
in Johnny's whole life
Reed ever took his
advice. Let him
enjoy it.

Hey!



Seriously, I realize Reed's been a little *brusque* these last couple of weeks, but think about what a *fight* he had on his hands.

We were there, we helped, but ultimately, it came down to a battle between Reed and Doom.

Concentrate on what a relief it is that Doom's finally been dragged off to Hell where he belongs.



No kiddin'.

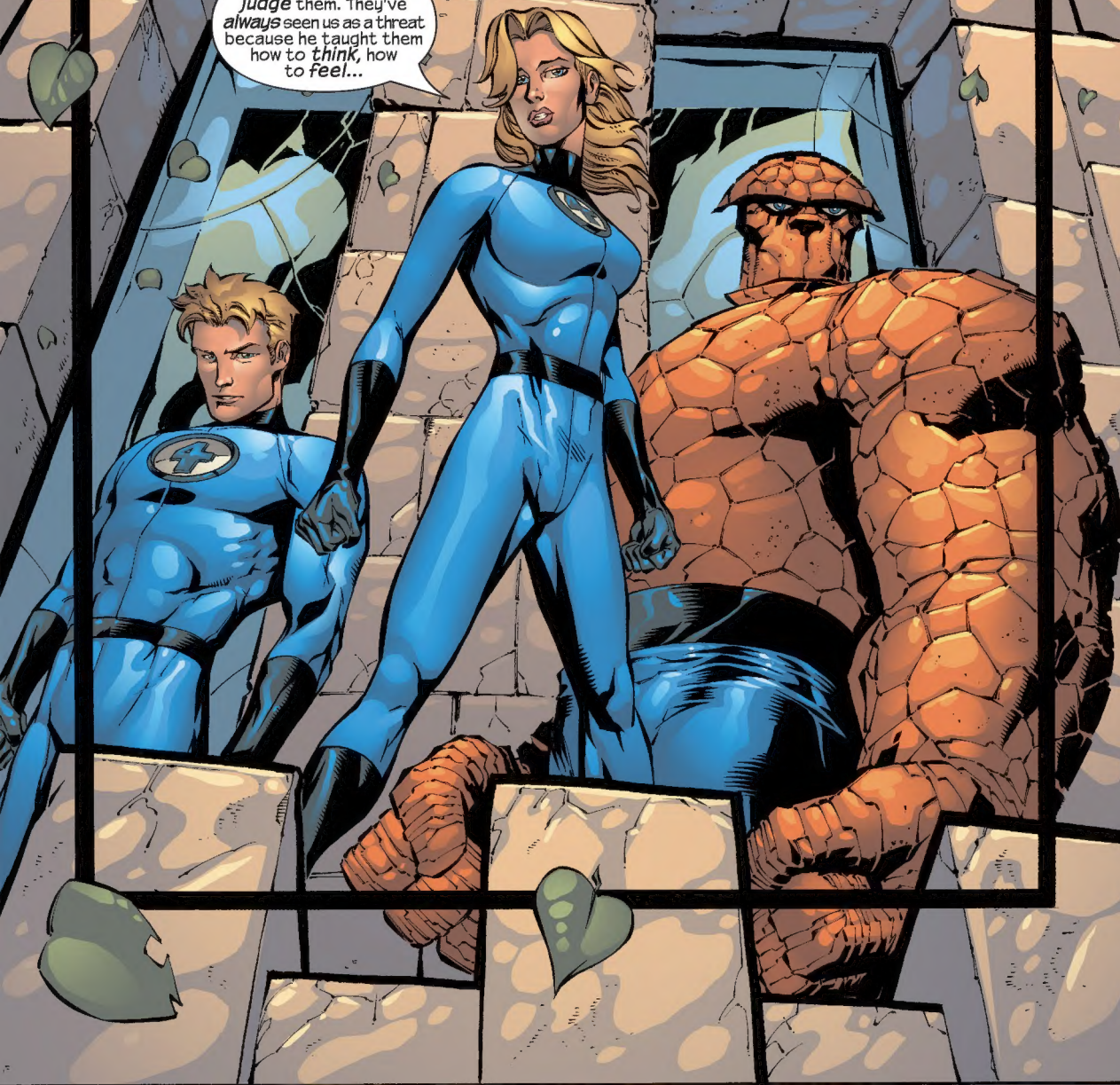
Nice. Th' natives 'r burnin' us in effigy.



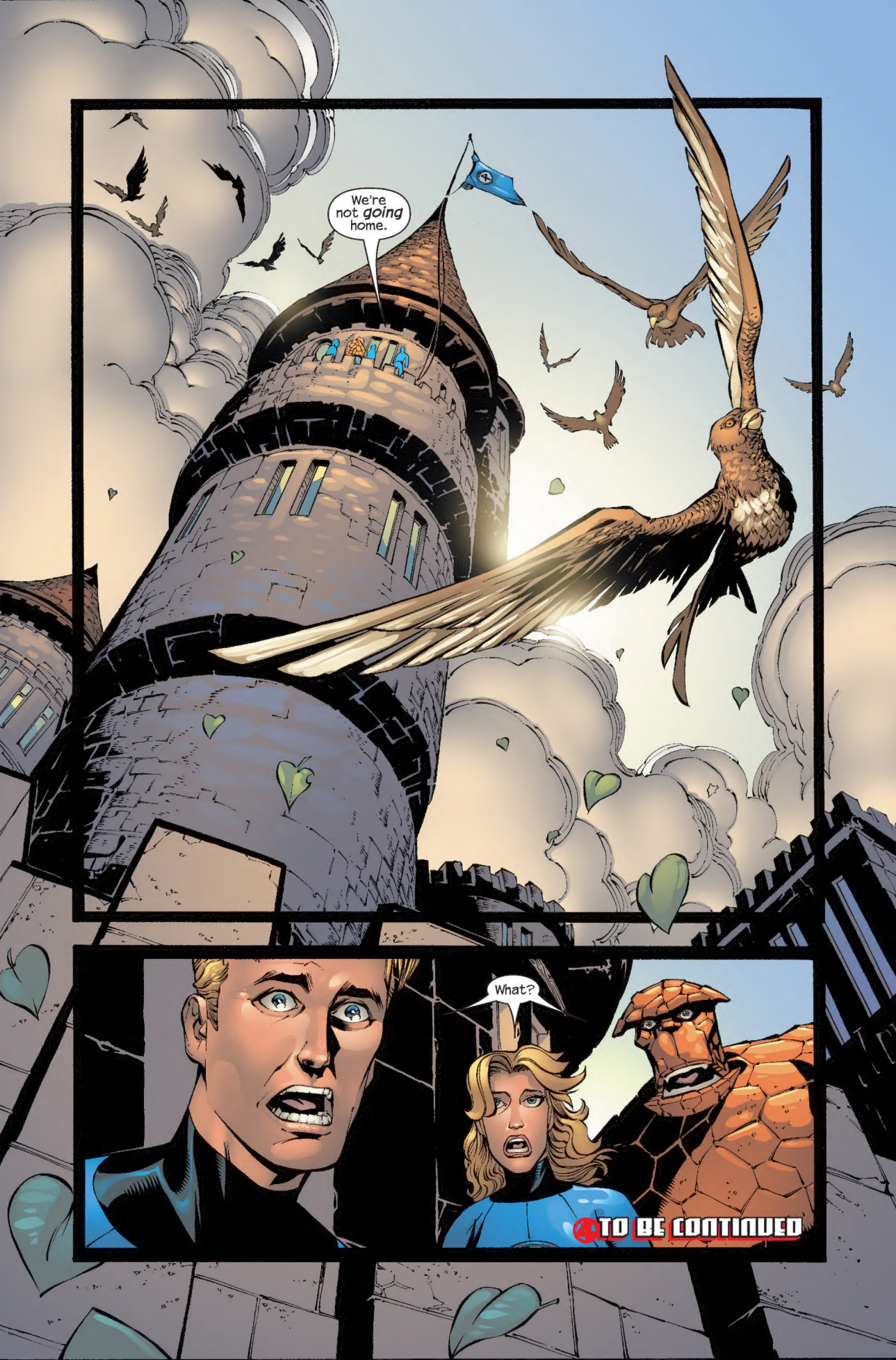
Man, if the folks down *there* knew th' *real* Doom, mebbe they wouldn't hate *us* so much.



And yet,
it's not fair to
judge them. They've
always seen us as a threat
because he taught them
how to *think*, how
to *feel*...







We're not going home.



What?

TO BE CONTINUED